

## **The Beginning of Nothing by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Bull gave Krem his first kiss.

The Chargers liked to joke about it, because they liked to joke about Krem being a hopeless virgin in general, but none of them knew the actual story, because Krem turned red and started threatening to smack people if anyone (Bull) spoke a word (or multiple words) about it.

## The Beginning of Nothing

### Author's Note:

Sometimes, you just gotta write about guys being dudes.

And, you know, sucking face.

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It happened late one night, because Bull had gotten the good stuff (a whole cask of it), and everyone had gone to their tents except for the Bull, Krem, and Rocky, who was fast asleep on the ground outside, and probably wouldn't budge until morning. At this point, he was indistinguishable from the boulders in the distance.

"I just don't get it," Krem said, staring at his mug and wondering where all the ale went. "How do people like putting their mouths on other peoples' mouths so much?"

"See, the fact that you say that clearly means you've never really kissed someone," Bull said, and he refilled Krem's ale before Krem thought to ask. "It's... hm. I can't describe it. You just have to do it, you know?"

"Riveting," Krem drawled, draining more of the mug than he should have.

"No, Krem, you're not getting it," Bull said, and shook his head, somehow still mindful of the horns even when he was drunk. He put an arm around Krem's shoulders, and shit, even his *arms* were heavy. Krem braced himself against it a little better and took another drink. "It's the closest you ever feel to someone."

“I’m not a people-person,” Krem said, even though Bull knew he was.

Bull squeezed Krem’s shoulder. “You’re a funny one, Krem-de-la-Krem.”

“Funny enough to die alone, I’m sure.”

“You got me. I could show you.”

Bull was close enough that Krem could smell him, and not in the bad “holy shit, Bull, why haven’t you bathed yet?” way. He smelled a little like elfroot—Stitches must have wrangled him into putting something on that still-healing wound. This close, Krem could see every scar (not like Bull made an effort to cover them), and he could tell exactly how long Bull’s eyelashes were. Well, not exactly. It was more of an approximation, if “long as fuck” counted as an approximation.

“What the fuck, sure,” Krem said, and he hoped Bull wasn’t close enough to feel his heart hammering.

“Yeah?” Bull asked again.

Krem set the mug down, which was good, because he wasn’t in danger of dropping it, but not good, because it meant he had nothing to hold onto. Bull seemed to notice, and slipped one of his hands between Krem’s slightly shaky ones, his wrist resting against Krem’s thigh. It was the hand with the two missing fingers. “Yeah,” Krem said, squeezing his hand.

Bull kissed him on the cheek first, and it was a familiar feeling, mostly because Dalish greeted just about everyone with a kiss to the cheek. Bull was a lot more beardy, though.

It took a lot to keep from jumping back when Bull’s lips reached his, simply because the feeling was so foreign. His mouth was warmer than Krem thought it would be, and sure, both of them had chapped, dry lips, but the pressure was good. Bull pulled back, licked his lips, and kissed Krem again, this time with his lips slanted against Krem’s, and it made his hands twitch in Bull’s hold. When Krem tilted his head, his brow brushed against Bull’s

eyepatch, a spot of cold metal, and Bull put one hand on the back of Krem's head to nudge him into a better position.

And Bull clearly knew what he was doing, because when he redirected Krem, they ended up with Krem's lips pursed over one of the scars on Bull's lips, which was weirdly nice. Then, Bull sucked Krem's bottom lip into his mouth, which was better. Or maybe it wasn't better, and he was just too drunk.

Bull's teeth scraped over Krem's chin as he sat back, watching Krem's eyes slowly reopen. "Good?"

Krem went from dazed to fake-nonchalant in the span of a second, rolling his eyes and muttering, "fuck no. I still don't understand why people like that." He hadn't let go of Bull's hand. "Let's try it again," he said, stretching toward Bull but faltering when Bull started to grin. "What? Why are you making that face?"

"C'mon, Krem, I know I'm irresistible," Bull said, running his fingers through the buzzed half of Krem's hair. "You don't have to pretend."

"You're an ass, that's what you are!" Krem snapped, but he clambered into Bull's lap and kissed him again, sloppier, and hard enough that their teeth smacked together and Krem cursed in Tevene, when he leaned back, because he'd just spectacularly fucked everything up.

Or maybe he hadn't. Bull was still smiling. In fact, he looked like he was on the edge of laughing, and he tilted Krem's head to the side with a nudge of a hand and kissed him on the neck. "Eager?"

"Not even," Krem said, and he was smiling too, leaning against Bull, who held him and kissed him again, soft and unhurried, like he could do it for hours. Like it was going to be the first of many. Krem would be okay with that.

**Author's Note:**

If you want more of my krembull trash self, visit me on tumblr  
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